

THE
COVENT-GARDEN
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL
in DRURY-LANE.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

*qua amandi parceret, eadem sibi parceret parum.
Quasi piscis, isidem est amator lena: nequam est nisi recens.
Is habet succum; is suavitatem; eum quovis pacto condias;
Vel patinarium vel assum: verset, quo pacto lubet.
Is dare volt, is se aliquid posci. nam ubi de pleno promitur,
Neque ille scit, quid det, quid damni faciat; illi rei studet:
Vult placere sese amica, vult mihi, pedissequa,
Vult famulis, vult etiam ancillis: Et quoque catalo meo
Subblanditur novus amator, se ut quum videat, gaudet.*

Plautus. Asinar.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WATTS, and Sold by J. ROBERTS
in Warwick-Lane,

MDCCXXXII.

[Price One Shilling.]

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PROLEGOMENA.

IT hath been customary with Authors of extraordinary Merit, to prefix to their Works certain Commendatory Epistles in Verse and Prose, written by a Friend, or left with the Printer by an unknown Hand; which are of notable Use to an injudicious Reader, and often lead him to the Discovery of Beauties, which might otherwise have escaped his Eye. They stand like Champions at the Head of a Volume, and bid Defiance to an Army of Criticks.

As I have not been able to procure any such Panegyrics on the following Scenes from my Friends, nor Leisure to write them myself, I have, in an unprecedented manner, collected such Criticisms as I could meet with on this Tragedy, and have placed them before it; but I must at the same time assure the Reader, that he may shortly expect an Answer to them.

The first of these Pieces, by its Date, appears to be the Production of some fine Gentleman, who plays the Critick for his Diversion, tho' he has not spoil'd his Eyes with too much reading. The latter will be

easily discover'd to come from the Hands of one of
that Club, which hath determin'd to instruct the
World in Arts and Sciences, without understanding
any; who

*With less Learning than makes Felons 'scape
Less human Genius than God gives an Ape.*

Are resolv'd

in Spite

Of Nature, and their Stars to write.

DEAR JACK,

"SINCE you have left the Town, and no rational
"Creature except myself in it, I have applied
"myself pretty much to my Books; I have, besides
"the *Craftsman* and *Grubstreet Journals*, read a good
"deal in Mr. Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, and several
"Pages in the *History of the King of Sweden*, which is
"translated into *English*; but fancy, I shou'd under-
"stand more of it, if I had a better Map: for I have
"not been able to find out *Livonia* in mine.

"I believe, you will be surpriz'd to hear, I have
"not been twice at the Play-House since your Depart-
"ure: But alas! what Entertainment can a Man
"of Sense find there now? The *Modern Husband*,
"which we hiss'd the first Night, had such Success,
"that I began to think it a good Play, till the *Grub-*
"street *Journal* assured me it was not. The *Earl of*
"Essex, which you know is my Favourite of all *Shake-*
"speare's Plays, was acted the other Night; but I
"was kept from it by a damn'd Farce which I abo-
"minate,

“ minate, and detest so much, that I have never either
 “ seen it, or read it.

“ Last Monday came out a new Tragedy, called,
 “ *The Covent-Garden Tragedy*, which I believe, I may
 “ affirm to be the worst that ever was written. I
 “ will not shock your good Judgment by any
 “ Quotations out of it. To tell you the Truth, I
 “ know not what to make of it : One wou’d have
 “ guess’d from the Audience, it had been a Comedy :
 “ For I saw more People laugh than cry at it. It
 “ adds a very strong Confirmation to your Opinion,
 “ That it is impossible, any thing worth reading
 “ shou’d be written in this Age.

St. James’s Coffee-House.

I am, &c.





**A CRITICISM on the Covent-Garden
Tragedy, originally intended for the Grub-
street Journal.**

I Have been long sensible, that the Days of Poetry are no more, and that there is but one of the Moderns, (who shall be nameless) that can write either Sense or *English*, or Grammar: For this Reason, I have pass'd by unremarked, generally unread, the little, quaint, short-lived Productions of my Cotemporaries: For it is a Maxim with my Bookseller, that no Criticism on any Work can sell, when the Work itself does not.

But when I observe an Author growing into any Reputation, when I see the same *Play*, which I had liberally hiss'd the first Night, advertised for a considerable Number of Nights together; I then begin to look about me, and to think it worth criticizing on: A Play that runs twelve Nights, will support a temperate Critick as many Days.

The Success of the *Tragedy of Tragedies*, and the *Modern Husband* did not only determine me to draw my Pen against those two Performances, but hath likewise engaged my Criticism on every thing which comes from the Hands of that Author, of whatever nature it be,

Seu Græcum sive Latinum,

The

The *Covent-Garden Tragedy* bears so great an Analogy to the Tragedy of *Tom Thumb*, that it needs not the Author's Name to assure us from what Quarter it had its Original. I shall beg leave therefore to examine this Piece a little, even before I am assured what Success it will meet with. Perhaps, what I shall herein say, may prevent its meeting with any.

I shall not here trouble the Reader with a laborious Definition of Tragedy drawn from *Aristotle* or *Horace*, for which I refer him to those Authors. I shall content myself with the following plain Proposition.

“ That a Tragedy is a Thing of five Acts, written
 “ Dialogue-wise, consisting of several fine Similies,
 “ Metaphors, and Moral Phrases, with here and there
 “ a Speech upon Liberty. That it must contain an
 “ Action, Characters, Sentiments, Diction, and a
 “ Moral.” Whatever falls short of any of these, is by no means worthy the Name of a Tragedy.

*Quæ Genus aut Flexum variant, quæcunque novato
 Ritu deficiunt superantve, Heteroclita sunt.*

I shall proceed to examine the Piece before us on these Rules, nor do I doubt to prove it deficient in them all,

Quæ sequitur manca est Numero Casuque Propago.

As for an Action, I have read it over twice, and do solemnly aver, I can find none, at least none worthy to be called an Action. The Author, indeed, in one Place seems to promise something like an Action, where *Stormandra*, who is enraged with *Lovegirlo*, sends *Bilkum* to destroy him, and at the same time threatens to destroy herself! But alas! what comes of
 all

all this Preparation! — Why, *parturiunt montes* — the Audience is deceived according to Custom, and the two murdered People appear in good Health : for all which great Revolution of Fortune, we have no other Reason given, but that the one has been run through the Coat, and the other has hung up her Gown instead of herself. — *Ridiculum!*

The Characters, I think, are such as I have not yet met with in Tragedy : I believe all Monsters of the Poet's own Brain. First, for the Character of Mother *Punchbowl*; and, by the way, I cannot conceive why she is called Mother. Is she the Mother of any Body in the Play? No. From one Line one might guess she was a Bawd, *Leathersides* desires her to procure two Whores, &c. but then is she not continually talking of Virtue? How can she be a Bawd? In the third Scene of the second Act she appears to be *Stor-mandra's* Mother.

Punchb. Daughter, you use the Captain too unkind.

But, if I mistake not in the Scene immediately preceding, *Bilkum* and she have mother'd and son'd it several times. Sure, she cannot be Mother to them both, when she wou'd put them to bed together. Perhaps, she is Mother-in-law to one of them, as being married to her own Child: But of this the Poet shou'd (I think) have given us some better Assurance than barely intimating, that they were going to bed together, which People in this our Island have been sometimes known to do, without going to Church together.

What is intended by the Character of *Gallano*, is difficult to imagine. Either he is taken from Life, or
he

he is not. Methinks, I cou'd wish he had been left out of the Dance, * nothing being more unnatural than to conceive so great a Sot to be a Lover of Dancing; nay, so great a Lover of Dancing, as to take that Woman for a Partner whom he had just before been abusing. As for the Characters of *Lovegirlo* and *Kissinda*, they are poor Imitations of the Characters of *Pyrrhus* and *Andromache* in the *Distress'd Mother*, as *Bilkum* and *Stormandra* are of *Orestes* and *Hermione*.

— *Sed quid morer istis.*

As for Mr. *Leathersides*, he is indeed an Original, and such a one, as I hope will never have a Copy. We are told (to set him off) that he has learnt to read, has read Play-Bills, and writ the *Grubstreet Journal*. But how reading Play-Bills, and writing *Grubstreet* Papers can qualify him to be a Judge of Plays, I confess, I cannot tell.

The only Character I can find entirely faultless, is the Chair-Man: for first we are assur'd,

He asks but for his Fare,
When the Captain answers him,
Tby Fare be damn'd.

He replies in the gentlest manner imaginable,

This is not acting like a Gentleman.

The Captain upon this threatens to knock his Brains out. He then answers in a most intrepid and justifiable Manner:

Oh! that with me, &c.

* The Critic is out in this Particular, it being notorious *Gallono* is not in the Dance; but to shew how careful the Author was to maintain his Character throughout, the said *Gallono* during the whole Dance is employ'd with his Bottle and his Pipe.

I cannot help wishing, this may teach all Gentlemen to pay their Chair-Men.

Proceed we now to the Sentiments. And here, to shew how inclin'd I am to admire rather than dislike. I shall allow the beautiful Manner wherein this Play sets out. The first five Lines are a mighty pretty Satyr on our Age, our Country, Statesman, Lawyers, and Physicians: What did I not expect from such a Beginning! But alas! what follows? No fine Moral Sentences, not a Word of Liberty and Property, no Insinuations, that Courtiers are Fools, and Statesmen Rogues. You have indeed a few Similies, but they are very thin sown.

Apparent rari nantes in Gurgite vasto.

The Sentiments fall very short of Politeness every where; but those in the Mouth of Captain *Bilkum* breathe the true Spirit of *Billingsgate*. The Courtship that passes between him and *Stormandra* in the second Act is so extremely delicate, sure the Author must have serv'd an Apprenticeship there, before he cou'd have produced it. How unlike this was the beautiful manner of making Love in Use among the Ancients, that charming Simplicity of Manners which shines so apparently in all the *Tragedies of *Plautus*, where,

— *petit & prece blandus amicam.*

But alas! how shou'd an illiterate Modern imitate Authors he has never read.

* I suppose these are lost, there remaining now no more than his Comedies.

To say nothing of the Meanness of the Diction, which is some degrees lower than I have seen in any Modern Tragedy, we very often meet with Contradictions in the same Line. The Substantive is so far from shewing the Signification of its Adjective as the latter requires.

An Adjective requires some Word to be joined to it to shew its Signification. vid. *Accidence*.

That it very often takes away its Meaning, as particularly *virtuous Whore*. Did it ever enter into any Head before, to bring these two Words together. Indeed, my Friend, I cou'd as soon unite the Idea of your sweet self, and a good Poet.

Forth from your empty Head I'll knock your Brains.
Had you had any Brains in your own Head you never had writ this Line.

Yet do not shock it with a Thought so base.
Ten low Words creep here in a Line indeed.

—— *Monosyllabla nomina quaedam,*
Sal, sol, ren et splen, car, ser, vir, vas.——

Virgal Rod, Grief-stung Soul, &c.

I wou'd recommend to this Author (if he can read) that wholesome little Treatise, call'd, *Gulielmi Lili Momita Pedagogica*, where he will find this Instruction.

—— *Veluti Scopulos, barbara verba fuge.*

Much may be said on both sides of this Question;
Let me consider what the Question is;

1 Mighty pretty, faith ! resolving a Question first, and then asking it.

— *thou hast a Tongue*
Might charm a Bailiff to forego his Hold.

Very likely indeed ! I fancy, Sir, if ever you were in the Hands of a Bailiff, you have not escap'd so easily.

Hanover-Square shall come to Drury-Lane.

Wonderful !

Thou shalt wear Farms and Houses in each Ear.

Oh ! *Bavius* ! oh ! Conundrum, is this true ! Sure the Poet exaggerates ; What ! a Woman wear Farms and Houses in her Ear, nay, in each Ear, to make it still the more incredible. I suppose these are poetical Farms and Houses, which any Woman may carry about her without being the heavier. But I pass by this and many other Beauties of the like Nature, *quæ lectio juxta docebit*, to come to a little Word which is worth the whole Work.

Nor Modesty, nor Pride, nor Fear, nor REP.

Quid sibi vult istud REP?—I have looked over all my Dictionaries, but in vain,

Nusquam reperitur in usu.

I find indeed such a Word in some of the *Latin* Authors, but as it is not in the Dictionary, I suppose it to be obsolete. Perhaps it is a proper Name, if so, it shou'd have been in *Italicks*. I am a little inclined to this Opinion, as we find several very odd Names in this Piece, such as *Hackabouta*, &c.

I am weary of raking in this Dirt, and shall therefore pass on to the Moral, which the Poet very ingenuously tells us, is, he knows not what, nor any one else I dare swear. I shall however allow him this Merit, that except in the five Lines abovementioned, I scarce know any Performance more of a Piece. Either the Author never sleeps, or never wakes throughout.

* *ASS in præsenti perfectum format in avi.*

* *Gul. Lilius* reads this Word with a single *s*.



P R O.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. **THEOPHILUS CIBBER**.

I N Athens first (as Dictionaries write)
The Tragick Muse was midwif'd into Light;
Rome knew her next, and next she took a Dance,
Some say to England, others say to France.
But when, or whence, the tuneful Goddess came,
Since she is here, I think, is much the same:
Oft have you seen the King and Hero rage,
Oft has the Virgin's Passion fill'd the Stage;
To-night, nor King, nor Hero shall you spy,
Nor Virgin's Love shall fill the Virgin's Eye.
Our Poet from unknown, untasted Springs,
A curious Draught of Tragic Nectar brings.
From Covent-Garden, calls delicious Stores,
Of Bullies, Bawds, and Sots, and Rakes, and Whores.
Examples of the Great can serve but few,
For what are Kings and Heroes Faults to you?
But these Examples are of general Use.
What Rake is ignorant of * King's Coffee-House?
Here the old Rake may view the Crimes he's known,
And Boys hence dread the Vices of the Town:
Here Nymphs seduc'd may mourn their Pleasures past,
And Maids, who have their Virtue, learn to hold it fast.

* A Place in Covent-Garden Market, well known to all Gentlemen to whom Beds are unknown,



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss RAFTOR, who acted the Parts
of *Isabel* in the *Old Debauchees*, and of *Kissinda*
in this Tragedy.

IN various Lights this Night you've seen me drest.

A virtuous Lady, and a Miss confest,

Pray tell me, Sirs, in which you like me best?

Neither averse to Love's soft Joys you find,

'Tis hard to say, which is the best inclin'd;

The Priest makes all the Diff'rence in the Case;

Kissinda's always ready to embrace,

And Isabel stays only to say Grace.

For several Prices ready both to treat,

This takes a Guinea, that your whole Estate.

Gallants, believe our Passions are the same,

And virtuous Women, tho' they dread the Shame,

Let 'em but play secure, all love the Game.

For tho' some Prude her Lover long may vex,

Her Coynefs is put on, she loves your Sex;

At you, the pretty things, their Airs display;

For you we dance, we sing, we smile, we pray;

On you we dream all Night, we think all Day.

For you the Mall and Ring with Beauties swarm;

You teach soft Senefino's Airs to charm.

For thin wou'd be th' Assembly of the Fair

At Operas-----were none but Eunuchs there.

In short, you are the Business of our Lives,

To be a Mistress kept, the Strumpet strives,

And all the modest Virgins to be Wives.

For Prudes may cant of Virtues and of Vices,

But faith! we only differ in our Prices.

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

GENTLEMEN.

Captain Bilkum.
Lovegirlo.
Gallono.
Leathersides.
Chairman.

Mr. Mullart.
Mr. Cibber, jun.
Mr. Paget.
Mr. Roberts.
Mr. Jones.

LADIES.

Mother Punchbowl.
Kissinda.
Stormandra.
Nonparel.

Mr. Bridgewater.
Miss Raftor.
Mrs Mullart.
Miss Mears.

SCENE *An Antichamber, or rather Back-
Parlour in Mother Punchbowl's House.*

THE



THE
COVENT-GARDEN
TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *An Antichamber.*

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, LEATHER-
SIDES, NONPAREL, INDUSTRIOUS JENNY.

MOTHER.



HO'D be a Bawd in this degen'rate Age!
Who'd for her Country unrewarded toil!
Not so the Statesman scrubs his plotful
Head,
Not so the Lawyer shakes his unseed
Tongue,
Not so the Doctor guides the doseful Quill.

B

Say,

The COVENT-GARDEN

Say *Nonparel*, industrious *Jenny*, say,
Is the Play done and yet no Cull appears?

NONPAREL.

The Play is done: For from the Pigeon-hole
I heard them hiss the Curtain as it fell.

MOTHER.

Ha, did they hiss? Why then the Play is damn'd,
And I shall see the Poet's Face no more.

Say, *Leathersides*, 'tis thou that best canst tell:
For thou hast learnt to read, hast Play-bills read,
The *Grubstreet Journal* thou hast known to write,
Thou art a Judge; say, wherefore was it damn'd?

LEATHERSIDES.

I heard a Tailor sitting by my side,
Play on his Catcal, and cry out, *sad Stuff*.
A little farther an Apprentice sat,
And he too hiss'd, and he too cry'd, 'twas low.
Then o'er the Pit I downward cast my Eye,
The Pit all hiss'd, all whistled, and all groan'd.

MOTHER.

Enough. The Poet's lost, and so's his Bill.
Oh! 'tis the Tradesman, not the Poet's Hurt:
For him the Washerwoman toils in vain,
For him in vain the Taylor sits cross'd-legg'd,
He runs away and leaves all Debts unpaid.

LEATHERSIDES.

The mighty Captain *Bilkum* this way comes.
I left him in the Entry with his Chairman
Wrangling about his Fare.

MOTHER.

TRAGEDY.

MOTHER.

Leatherfides, 'tis well.

Retire, my Girls, and patient wait for Culls.

SCENE II.

**MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, CAPTAIN
BILKUM, CHAIRMAN.**

CHAIRMAN.

Your Honour, Sir, has paid but half my Fare.
I ask but for my Fare.

CAPTAIN BILKUM.

Thy Fare be damn'd.

CHAIRMAN.

This is not acting like a Gentleman.

CAPTAIN BILKUM.

Begoné, or by the Powers of Dice I swear,
Were there no other Chairman in the World,
From out thy empty Head, I'd knock thy Brains.

CHAIRMAN.

Oh, that with me, all Chairmen would conspire,
No more to carry such sad Dogs for Hire,
But let the lazy Rascals straddle thro' the Mire.

B 2

SCENE

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SCENE III.

*CAPTAIN BILKUM, MOTHER PUNCH-
BOWL.*

MOTHER.

What is the Reason, Captain, that you make
This Noise within my House? Do you intend
To arm reforming Constables against me?
Wou'd it delight your Eyes to see me dragg'd
By base *Plebeian* Hands to *Westminster*,
The Scoff of Serjeants and Attornies Clerks,
And then exalted on the Pillory,
To stand the Sneer of ev'ry virtuous Whore?
Oh! cou'dst thou bear to see the rotten Egg
Mix with my Tears, and trickle down my Checks,
Like Dew distilling from the full blown Rose:
Or see me follow the attractive Cart,
To see the Hangman lift the Virgal Rod,
That Hangman you so narrowly escap'd!

CAPTAIN BILKUM.

Ha! that last Thought has stung me to the Soul,
Damnation on all Laws and Lawyers too:
Behold thee carted—oh! forefend that Sight,
May *Bilkum's* Neck be stretch'd before that Day.

MOTHER.

Come to my Arms, thou best belov'd of Sons,
Forgive the Weakness of thy Mother's Fears:
Oh! may I never, never see thee hang'd!

CAPTAIN

TRAGEDY.

CAPTAIN BILKUM.

If born to swing, I never shall be drown'd:
Far be it from me, with too curious Mind,
To search the Office whence eternal Fate
Issues her Writs of various Ills to Men;
Too soon arrested we shall know our Doom,
And now a present Evil gnaws my Heart.
Oh! Mother, Mother—

MOTHER.

Say, what wou'd my Son?

CAPTAIN BILKUM.

Get me a Wench, and lend me half a Crown.

MOTHER.

Thou shalt have both.

CAPTAIN BILKUM.

Oh! Goodness most unmatch'd,
What are your *Nelope's* compar'd to thee?
In vain we'd search the Hundreds of the Town,
From where, in *Goodman's-Fields*, the City Dame
Emboxed sits, for two times Eighteen Pence.
To where at Midnight Hours, the nobler Race
In borrow'd Voice, and mimick Habit squeak:
Yet where, oh where is such a Bawd as thou?

MOTHER.

Oh! deal not Praise with such a lavish Tongue;
If I excel all others of my Trade,
Thanks to those Stars that taught me to excel!

SCENE

ENCS

The COVENT-GARDEN

SCENE IV.

**MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, CAPTAIN
BILKUM, LEATHERSIDES.**

LEATHERSIDES.

A Porter from *Lovegirl* is arriv'd,
If in your Train one Harlot can be found,
That has not been a Month upon the Town;
Her, he expects to find in Bed by two.

MOTHER.

Thou, *Leathersides*, best know'st such Nymphs to
find,
To thee, their Lodgings they communicate.
Go, thou procure the Girl, I'll make the Punch,
Which she must call for when she first arrives.
Oh! *Bilkum*, when I backward cast my Thoughts,
When I revolve the glorious Days I've seen,
(Days I shall see no more)—it tears my Brain.
When Culls sent frequent, and were sent away.
When Col'nels, Majors, Captains, and Lieutenants,
Here spent the Issue of their glorious Toils;
These were the Men, my *Bilkum*, that subdu'd
The haughty Foe, and paid for Beauty here.
Now we are sunk to a low Race of Beaus,
Fellows unfit for Women or for War;
And one poor Cull is all the Guests I have.

SCENE

SCENE

TRAGEDY.

SCENE V.

LEATHERSIDES, MOTHER PUNCH-
BOWL, BILKUM.

LEATHERSIDES.

Two Whores, great Madam, must be straight pre-
par'd,
A fat one for the 'Squire, and for my Lord a lean-
MOTHER.

Be that thy Care. This weighty Bus'ness done,
A Bowl of humming Punch shall glad my Son.

SCENE VI.

BILKUM *solus.*

Oh! 'tis not in the Pow'r of Punch to ease
My Grief-stung Soul, since Hecatissa's false,
Since she could hide a poor half Guinea from me.
Oh! had I search'd her Pockets ere I rose,
I had not left a single Shilling in them,
But lo! Lovegirl comes, I will retire.

SCENE

The COVENT-GARDEN

SCENE VII.

LOVEGIRLO, GALLONO.

GALLONO.

And wilt thou leave us for a Woman thus!
Art thou *Lovegirlo*? Tell me, art thou he,
Whom I have seen the Saffron-colour'd Morn
With rosy Fingers beckon home in vain?
Than whom none oftner pull'd the pendent Bell,
None oftner cry'd, *another Bottle bring*;
And canst thou leave us for a worthless Woman?

LOVEGIRLO.

I charge thee, my *Gallono*, do not speak
Ought against Woman; by *Kissinda's* Smiles,
(Those Smiles more worth than all the *Cornwall* Mines)
When I drank most, 'twas Woman made me drink,
The Toast was to the Wine an Orange-Peel.

GALLONO.

Oh! wou'd they spur us on to noble Drink,
I too wou'd be a Lover of the Sex.
And sure for nothing else they were design'd,
Woman was only born to be a Toast.

LOVEGIRLO.

What Madness moves thy slander-hurling Tongue?
Woman! What is there in the World like Woman?
Man without Woman is a single Boor,
Is half a Pair of Sheers. Her wanton Smiles

TRAGEDY.

Are sweeter than a Draught of cool small Beer
To the scorch'd Palate of a waking Sor.

Man is a Puppet which a Woman moves
And dances as she will—Oh! had it not
Been for a Woman, thou hadst not been here.

GALLONO.

And were it not for Wine—I wou'd not be.
Wine makes a Cobler greater than a King;
Wine gives Mankind the Preference to Beasts,
Thirst teaches all the Animals to drink,
But Drunkenness belongs to only Man.

LOVEGIRLO.

If Woman were not, my Gallono, Man
Wou'd make a silly Figure in the World.

GALLONO.

And without Wine all Human-kind wou'd be
One stupid, sniveling, sneaking, sober Fellow.

LOVEGIRLO.

What does the Pleasures of our Life refine?
'Tis charming Woman.

GALLONO.

Wine.

LOVEGIRLO.

'Tis Woman.

GALLONO.

Wine.

C

SCENE

10 *The* **COVENT-GARDEN**

SCENE VIII.

BILKUM.

Much may be said on both sides of this Question;
Let me consider what the Question is:
If Wine or Woman be our greater Good,
Wine is a Good — and so is Woman too,
But which the greater Good [*Along Pause*] I cannot tell
Either to other to prefer I'm loth,
But he does wisest who takes most of both.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGIRLO, KISSINDA.

LOVEGIRLO.

Oh! my *Kissinda*! oh! how sweet art thou?
Nor *Covent-Garden*, nor *Stocks-Market* knows
A Flower like thee; less sweet the *Sunday Rose*,
With which, in Country Church, the Milk-maid decks
Her ruddy Breast: Ne'er wash'd the courtly Dame
Her Neck with Honey-water half so sweet.
Oh! thou art Perfume all; a Perfume Shop.

KISSINDA.

Cease, my *Lovegirlo*, oh! thou hast a Tongue
Might charm a Bailiff to forego his Hold.
Oh! I cou'd hear thee ever, cou'd with Joy

Live

TRAGEDY.

11

Live a whole Day upon a Dish of Tea,
And listen to the Bagpipes in thy Voice.

LOVEGIRLO.

Hear this, ye Harlots, hear her and reform;
Not so the Miser loves to see his Gold,
Not so the Poet loves to see his Play,
Not so the Critick loves to see a Fault,
Not so the Beauty loves to see herself,
As I delight to see *Kissinda* smile.

KISSINDA.

Oh! my *Lovegirlo*, I must hear no more,
Thy Words are strongest Poison to my Soul;
I shall forget my Trade and learn to dote.

LOVEGIRLO.

Oh! give a Loose to all the Warmth of Love.
Love like a Bride upon the Second Night;
I like a ravish'd Bridegroom on the First.

KISSINDA.

Thou know'st too well a Lady of the Town
If she give way to Love must be undone.

LOVEGIRLO.

The Town! thou shalt be on the Town no more,
I'll take thee into Keeping, take thee Rooms
So large, so furnish'd, in so fine a Street,
The Mistress of a *Jew* shall envy thee,
By *Jove*, I'll force the sooty Tribe to own,
A Christian keeps a Whore as well as they.

KISSINDA.

And wilt thou take me into Keeping—?

LOVEGIRLO.

Yes.

The COVENT-GARDEN

KISSINDA:

Then I am blest indeed—and I will be
The kindest, gentlest, and the cheapest Girl.
A Joint of Meat a Day is all I ask,
And that I'll dress my self—A Pot of Beer
When thou din'st from me, shall be all my Wine;
Few Clothes I'll have, and those too Second-hand;
Then when a Hole within thy Stocking's seen,
(For Stockings will have Holes) I'll darn it for thee,
With my own Hands I'll wash thy soapen'd Shirt,
And make the Bed I have unmade with thee.

LOVEGIRLO.

Do virtuous Women use their Husbands so?
Who but a Fool wou'd marry that can keep—
What is this Virtue that Mankind adore?
Sounds less the scolding of a virtuous Tongue!
Or who remembers, to increase his Joy,
In the last Moments of excessive Bliss,
The Ring, the License, Parson, or his Clerk?
Besides, whene'er my Mistress plays me foul,
I cast her, like a dirty Shirt, away.
But oh! a Wife sticks like a Plaister fast,
Like a perpetual Blister to the Pole.

KISSINDA.

And wilt thou never throw me off—?

LOVEGIRLO.

Never,

'Till thou art soil'd.

KISSINDA.

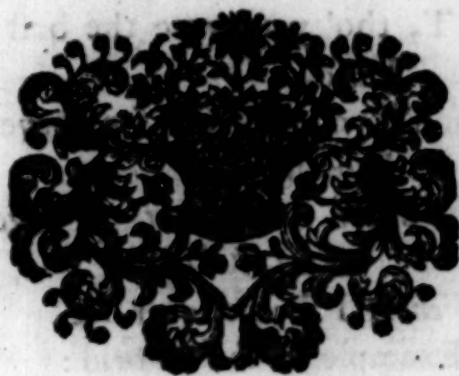
Then turn me to the Streets,
Those Streets you took me from.

LOVE,

TRAGEDY.
LOVEGIRLO.

13

Forbid it all
Ye Powers propitious to unlawful Love.
Oh! my *Kissinda*, by this Kiss I swear,
(This Kiss, which at a Shilling is not dear)
I wou'd not quit the Joys this Night shall give,
For all the virtuous Wives or Maids alive.
Oh! I am all on Fire, thou lovely Wench,
Torrents of Joy my burning Soul must quench,
Reiterated Joys!
Thus burning from the Fire, the Washer lifts
The red-hot Iron to make smooth her Shifts,
With Arm impetuous rubs her Shift amain,
And rubs, and rubs, and rubs it oe'r again;
Nor sooner does her rubbing Arm withhold,
'Till she grows warm, and the hot Iron cold.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

STORMANDRA, CAPTAIN BILKUM.

STORMANDRA.



O T, tho' you were the best Man in the
Land,
Shou'd you, unpaid for, have from me a
Favour?

Therefore come down the Ready, or I go.

BILKUM.

Forbid it, *Venus*, I shou'd ever set
So curst an Example to the World:
Forbid, the Rake, in full Pursuit of Joy
Requir'd the unready Ready to come down,
Shou'd curse my Name, and cry, *thus Bilkum did;*
To him this curst Precedent we owe.

T O A

STO

TRAGEDY.

15

STORMANDRA.

Rather forbid, that, bilk'd in after-time,
The Chair-less Girl should curse *Stormandra's* Name,
That as she walks with draggled Coats the Street,
(Coats shortly to be pawn'd) the hungry Wretch
Shou'd bellow out, *for this, I thank Stormandra!*

BILKUM.

Trust me to-night and never trust me more,
If I do not come down when I get up.

STORMANDRA.

And dost thou think I have a Soul so mean?
Trust thee! dost think I came last Week to Town,
The Waggon Straws yet hanging to my Tail?
Trust thee! oh! when I trust thee for a Groat,
Hanover-Square shall come to *Drury-Lane*.

BILKUM.

Madam, 'tis well, your Mother may perhaps,
Teach your rude Tongue to know a softer Tone.
And see, she comes, the smiling Brightness comes.

SCENE II.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, CAPTAIN
BILKUM, STORMANDRA.

STORMANDRA.

Oh! Mother *Punchbowl*, teach me how to rail;
Oh! teach me to abuse this monstrous Man.

MOTHER.

16 *The COVENT-GARDEN*

MOTHER.

What has he done?

STORMANDRA.

Sure a Design so base,
Turk never yet conceiv'd.

MOTHER.

Forbid it, Virtue.

STORMANDRA.

It wounds me to the Soul—he wou'd have bilk'd
me.

MOTHER.

Ha! in my House! oh! *Bilkum*, is this true?
Who set thee on, thou Traitor, to undo me,
Is it some envious Sister, such may be;
For even Bawds, I own it with a Blush,
May be dishonest in this vicious Age.
Perhaps, thou art an Enemy to us all,
Wilt join malicious Justices against us.
Oh! think not thus to bribe th' ungrateful Tribe,
The Hand to *Bridewel* which thy Mother sends,
May one Day send thee to more fatal Goal;
And oh! (avert the Omen all ye Stars)
The very Hemp I beat may hang my Son.

BILKUM.

Mother, you know the Passage to my Heart,
But do not shock it with a Thought so base.
Sooner *Fleet-Ditch* like Silver *Thames* shall flow,
The *New-Exchange* shall with the *Royal* vye,
Or *Covent-Garden's* with *St. Paul's* great Bell:
Give no Belief to that ungrateful Woman;
Gods! who wou'd be a Bully to a Woman?
Canst thou forget—(it is too plain thou canst)

When

TRAGEDY.

17

When at the *Rummer*, at the Noon of Night,
I found thee with a base Apprentice boxing?
And tho' none better dart the clinched Fist,
Yet wast thou over-match'd, and on the Ground
Then like a Bull-Dog in *Hockleian* Holes,
Rush'd I tremendous on the snotty Foe,
I took him by the Throat and kick'd him down the
Stairs.

STORMANDRA.

Dost thou recount thy Services, base Wretch,
Forgetting mine? Dost thou forget the Time,
When shiv'ring on a Winter's icy Morn,
I found thy doatless Carcase at the Roundhouse;
Did I not then forget my proper Woes,
Did I not send for half a Pint of Gin,
To warm th' ungrateful Guts? pull'd I not off
A Quilted-Petticoat to clothe thy Back?
That unskinn'd Back, which Rods had dress'd in red,
Thy only Title to the Name of Captain?
Did I not pick a Pocket of a Watch,
A Pocket pick for thee?

BILKUM.

Dost thou mention
So slight a Favour? Have I not for thee
Fled from the Feather-bed of soft Repose,
And as the Watch proclaim'd approaching Day,
Robb'd the Stage-Coach?—Again, when Puddings
hot,

And *Well-fleet* Oysters cry'd, the Evening come,
Have I not been a Foot-pad for thy Pride!

MOTHER.

Enough, my Children, let this Discord cease,

D

Had

18 *The COVENT-GARDEN*

Had both your Merits had, you both deserve
The Fate of greater Persons—Go, my Son,
Retire to rest—gentle *Stormandra* soon
Will follow you. See kind Consent appear,
In softest Smiles upon her lovely Brow.

BILKUM.

And can I think *Stormandra* will be mine!
Once more, unpaid for mine! then I again
Am blest, am paid for all her former Scorn.
So when the doating Hen-peck'd Husband long
Hath stood the Thunder of his Deary's Tongue;
If, Supper over, she attempt to toy,
And laugh and languish for approaching Joy,
His raptur'd Fancy runs her Charms all o'er,
While Transport dances Jiggs thro' ev'ry Pore,
He hears the Thunder of her Tongue no more. }

SCENE III.

*STORMANDRA, MOTHER PUNCH-
BOWL.*

MOTHER.

Daughter, you use the Captain too unkind,
Forbid it, Virtue, I shou'd ever think
A Woman squeezes any Cull too much,
But Bullies never shou'd be us'd as Culls.
With Caution still preserve the Bully's Love,
A House like this, without a Bully left,

TRAGEDY.

Is like a Puppet-Show without a Punch.
When you shall be a Bawd, and sure that Day
Is written in the Almanack of Fate,
You'll own the mighty Truth of what I say.
So the gay Girl whose Head Romances fill,
By Mother married well against her Will;
Once past the Age that pants for Love's Delight,
Herself a Mother, owns her Mother in the Right.

SCENE IV.

STORMANDRA sola.

What shall I do? Shall I unpaid to Bed?
Oh! my *Lovegirlo*! oh! that thou wert here;
How my Heart dotes upon *Lovegirlo's* Name,
For no one ever paid his Girls like him.
She, with *Lovegirlo* who had spent the Night,
Sighs not in vain for next Day's Masquerade,
Sure of a Ticket from him——Ha! ye Powers,
What is't I see? Is it a Ghost I see?
It is a Ghost. It is *Lovegirlo's* Ghost.
Lovegirlo's dead; for if he were not dead,
How cou'd his living Ghost be walking here?

The COVENT-GARDEN

SCENE V.

LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA.

LOVEGIRLO.

Surely this is some Holiday in Hell,
And Ghosts are let abroad to take the Air,
For I have seen a Dozen Ghosts to-night
Dancing in merry Mood the winding Hayes,
If Ghosts all lead such merry Lives as these,
Who wou'd not be a Ghost!

STORMANDRA.

Art thou not one?

LOVEGIRLO.

What do I see, ye Stars? Is it Stormandra?

STORMANDRA.

Art thou Lovegirlo?—oh! I see thou art.
But tell me, I conjure, art thou not dead?

LOVEGIRLO.

No, by my Soul I am not.

STORMANDRA.

May I trust thee?

Yet if thou art alive, what dost thou here
Without Stormandra?—but thou needst not say,
I know thy Falshood, yes, perfidious Fellow,
I know thee false as Water or as Hell;
Falsar than any thing but thy self—

LOVE-

TRAGEDY.

21

LOVEGIRLO.

Or thee.

Dares thus the Devil to rebuke our Sin!
Dares thus the Kettle say the Pot is black!
Canst thou upbraid my Falshood! thou! who still
Art ready to obey the Porter's Call,
At any Hour, to any sort of Guest;
Thy Person is as common as the Dirt,
Which *Pickadilly* leaves on ev'ry Heel.

STORMANDRA.

Can I hear this, ye Stars! injurious Man!
May I be ever bilk'd!—May I ne'er fetch
My Watch from Pawn, if I've been false to you.

LOVEGIRLO.

Oh! Impudence unmatch'd! canst thou deny
That thou hast had a thousand diff'rent Men?

STORMANDRA.

If that be Falshood, I indeed am false,
And never Lady of the Town was true;
But tho' my Person be upon the Town,
My Heart has still been fix'd on only you.

SCENE VI.

LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA, KIS-

SINDA.

KISSINDA.

Where's my *Lovegirlo*? point him out, ye Stars,

Restore

22 *The COVENT-GARDEN*

Restore him panting to *Kissinda's* Arms.
Ha! do I see!

STORMANDRA.

Hast thou forgot to rail?
Now call me false, perfidious, and Ingrate,
Common as Air, as Dirt, or as thy self.
Beneath my Rage, hast thou forsaken me?
All my full Meals of luscious Love, to starve
At the lean Table of a Girl like that?

KISSINDA.

That Girl you mention with so forc'd a Scorn,
Envies not all the large Repasts you boast,
A little Dish oft furnishes enough;
And sure Enough is equal to a Feast.

STORMANDRA.

The puny Wretch such little Plates may choose;
Give me the Man who knows a stronger Taste.

KISSINDA.

Sensual and base! to such as you we owe
That Harlot is a Title of Disgrace,
The worst of Scandals on the best of Trades;

STORMANDRA.

That Shame more justly to the Wretch belongs,
Who gives those Favours which she cannot sell.

KISSINDA.

But harder is the wretched Harlot's Lot,
Who offers them for nothing and in vain.

STORMANDRA.

Shew me the Man, who thus accuses me,
I own I chose *Lovegirlo*, own I lov'd him,
But then I chose and lov'd him as a Cull;
Therefore prefer'd him to all other Men,

Because

TRAGEDY.

23

Because he better paid his Girls than they.
Oh! I despise all Love but that of Gold,
Throw that aside and all Men are alike.

KISSINDA.

And I despise all other Charms but Love.
Nothing could bribe me from *Lovegirl's* Arms;
Him, in a Cellar, wou'd my Love prefer
To Lords in Houses of six Rooms a Floor.
Oh! had I in the World a hundred Pound,
I'd give him all. Or did he, (Fate forbid!)
Want three half Crowns his Reckoning to pay,
I'd pawn my Under-petticoat to lend them.

LOVEGIRLO.

Wou'dst thou, my Sweet? Now by the Powers of
Love,
I'll mortgage all my Lands to deck thee fine.
Thou shalt wear Farms and Houses in each Ear,
Ten thousand Load of Timber shall embrace
Thy necklac'd Neck. I'll make thy glitt'ring Form
Shine thro' th' admiring Mall a blazing Star.
Neglected Virtue shall with Envy die,
The Town shall know no other Toast but thee.
So have I seen upon my Lord-Mayor's Day,
While Coaches after Coaches roll away,
The gazing Crowd admire by Turns and cry,
See such and such an Alderman pass by;
But when the mighty Magistrate appears,
No other Name is sounded in your Ears;
The Crowd all cry unanimous — *see there,*
Ye Citizens, behold the Coach of the Lord Mayor.

SCENE

The COVENT-GARDEN

SCENE VII.

STORMANDRA, CAPTAIN BILKUM.

BILKUM.

Why comes not my *Stormandra*? Twice and once
I've told the striking Clock's increasing Sound,
And yet unkind *Stormandra* stays away.

STORMANDRA.

Captain, are you a Man?

BILKUM.

I think I am;
The Time has been when you have thought so too,
Try me again in the soft Fields of Love.

STORMANDRA.

'Tis War not Love must try your Manhood now,
By Gin, I swear, no'er to receive thee more,
'Till curs'd *Lovegirlo*'s Blood has dy'd thy Sword.

BILKUM.

Lovegirlo! Whence this Fury bent on him?

STORMANDRA.

Ha! dost thou question, Coward?—Ask again,
And I will never call thee Captain more.
Instant obey my Purpose, or by Hemp
Rods, all the Horrors *Bridewel* ever knew,
I will arrest thee for the Note of Hand,

Which

Which thou hast given me for twice one Pound;
But if thou dost, I call my sacred Honour
To witness, thy Reward shall be my Love.

BILKUM.

Lovegirl is no more. Yet wrong me not,
It is your Promise, not your Threat, prevails.
So when some Parent of Indulgence mild,
Wou'd to the nauseous Potion bring the Child;
In vain to win or frighten to its good,
He cries, *my Dear*, or lifts the useless Rod;
But if by chance, the Sugar Plumb he shows,
The simp'ring Child no more Reluctance knows;
It stretches out its Finger and its Thumb,
It swallow first, the Potion, then the Sugar Plumb.

SCENE VIII.

STORMANDA *sola*.

Go, act my just Revenge, and then be hang'd,
While I retire and gently hang my self.
May Women be by my Example taught,
Still to be good, and never to be naught;
Never from Virtue's Rules to go astray,
Nor ever to believe what Man can say.
She who believes a Man, I am afraid,
May be a Woman long, but not a Maid.

26 *The COVENT-GARDEN*

If such blest Harvest my Example bring,
The female World shall with my Praises ring,
And say, that when I hang'd my self, I did a noble
thing.

SCENE IX.

*MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, KISSINDA,
NONPAREL.*

MOTHER.

Oh! *Nonparel*, thou loveliest of Girls,
Thou latest Darling of thy Mother's Years;
Let thy Tongue know no Commerce with thy Heart,
For if thou tellest Truth thou art undone.

NONPAREL.

Fogive me, Madam, this first Fault—henceforth
I'll learn with utmost Diligence to fib.

MOTHER.

Oh! never give your easy Mind to Love,
But poise the Scales of your Affection so,
That a bare Six-pence added to his Scale,
Might make the Cit Apprentice or the Clerk
Outweigh a flaming Col'nel of the Guards,
Oh! never give your Mind to Officers,
Whose Gold is on the outside of the Pocket,
But fly a Poet as the worst of Plagues,

Who

Who never pays with any thing but Words:
Oh! had *Kissinda* taken this Advice,
She had not now been bilk'd.—

KISSINDA.

Think me not so,
Some hasty Business has *Lovegirlo* drawn
To leave me thus—but I will hold a Crown
To Eighteen-pence, he's here within an Hour.

SCENE X.

To them LEATHERSIDES.

MOTHER.

Oh! *Leathersides*, what means this newsful Look?

LEATHERSIDES.

Through the *Piaches* as I took my way
To fetch a Girl, I at a distance view'd
Lovegirlo, with great Captain *Bilkum* fighting;
Lovegirlo push'd, the Captain parry'd, thus
Lovegirlo push'd, he parried again;
Oft did he push, and oft was push'd aside.
At length the Captain with his Body thus,
Threw in a cursed Thrust in Flanconade.
'Twas then—oh! dreadful Horror to relate!
I at a Distance saw *Lovegirlo* fall,
And look as if he cry'd—oh! *I am slain.*

[*Kissinda sinks into Nonparel's Arms.*]

E 2

SCENE

SCENE XI

To them GALLONO.

GALLONO.

Give me my Friend, thou most accursed Bawd,
 Restore him to me drunken as he was,
 Ere thy vile Arts seduc'd him from the Glass.

MOTHER.

Oh! that I cou'd restore him—but alas!
 Or drunk or sober, you'll ne'er see him more,
 Unless you see his Ghost—his Ghost, perhaps,
 May have escap'd from Captain *Bilkum's* Sword.

GALLONO.

What do I hear!—oh damn'd accursed Jade,
 Thou art the Cause of all—Withartful Smiles
 Thou didst seduce him to go home ere Morn.
Bridewell shall be thy Fate, I'll give a Crown
 To some poor Justice to commit thee thither,
 Where I will come and see thee flogg'd my self.

KISSINDA.

One flogg'd as I am can be flogg'd no more;
 In her *Lovegirl*, Miss *Kissinda* liv'd:
 The Sword that pass'd thro' poor *Lovegirl's* Heart,
 Pass'd eke thro' mine, he was three fifths off me.

SCENE

SCENE

SCENE XII.

To them *BILKUM*.

BILKUM.

Behold the most accursed of humankind,
I for a Woman with a Man have fought;
She, for I know not what, has hang'd herself,
And now *Jack-Ketch* may do the same for me.
Oh! my *Stormandra*!

MOTHER.

What of her?

BILKUM.

Alas!

She's hang'd herself all to her Curtain's Rod,
I saw her swinging and I ran away.
Oh! if you lov'd *Stormandra*, come with me;
Skin of your Flesh, and bite away your Eyes;
Lug out your Heart, and dry it in your Hands;
Grind it to Powder, make it into Pills,
And take it down your Throat.

MOTHER.

Stormandra's gone!

Weep all ye Sister-Harlots of the Town;
Pawn your best Clothes, and clothe your selves in Rags.
Oh! my *Stormandra*!

KISSIN.

Poor *Lovegirlo's* slain.

Oh! give me way, come all you Furies, come,
Lodge in th' unfurnish'd Chambers of my Heart,
My Heart which never shall be let again
To any Guest but endless Misery,
Never shall have a Bill upon it more.
Oh! I am mad methinks, I swim in Air,
In Seas of Sulphur and eternal Fire,
And see *Lovegirlo* too.

GALLONO.

Ha! see him! where?
Where is the much-lov'd Youth—oh! never more
Shall I behold him. Ha! Distraction wild
Begins to wanton in my unhing'd Brain:
Methinks I'm mad, mad as a wild *March Hare*;
My muddy Brain is addled like an Egg,
My Teeth, like Magpies, chatter in my Head;
My reeling Head! which akes like any mad.

Omnes.

Oh!

LEATHERSIDES.

Was ever such a dismal Scene of Woe?

SCENE *the last.*

To them *LOVEGIRLO*, *STORMANDRA*,
and a *FIDLER*.

Where's my *Kissinda*?—bear me to her Arms,
Ye winged Winds—and let me perish there.

KISSINDA.

Lovegirlo lives—oh! let my eager Arms

Press

31
TRAGEDY.

Press him to Death upon my panting Breast.

BILKUM.

Oh! all ye Powers of Gin, *Stormandra* lives.

STORMANDRA.

Nor Modesty, nor Pride, nor Fear, nor Rep,
Shall now forbid this tender chaste Embrace.

Henceforth I'm thine as long as e'er thou wilt.

GALLONO.

Lovegirlo!

LOVEGIRLO.

Oh, Joy unknown, *Gallono.*

MOTHER.

Come all at once to my capacious Arms,
I know not where I shou'd th' Embrace begin;
My Children! oh! with what tumultuous Joy
Do I behold your almost virtuous Loves.

But say, *Lovegirlo*, when we thought you dead;
Say, by what lucky Chance we see you here?

LOVEGIRLO.

In a few Words I'll satisfy your Doubt,
I through the Coat was, not the Body, run.

BILKUM.

But say, *Stormandra*, did I not behold
Thee hanging to the Curtains of thy Bed?

STORMANDRA.

No, my dear Love, it was my Gown, not me,
I did intend to hang my self, but ere
The Knot was ty'd, repented my Design.

KISSINDA.

Henceforth, *Stormandra*, never rivals more,
By *Bilkum* you, I by *Lovegirlo* kept.

LOVE.

42 *The COVENT-GARDEN, &c.*

LOVEGIRL.

Foreseeing all this sudden Turn of Joy,
I've brought a Fidler to play forth the same.

MOTHER.

I too will shake a Foot on this blest Day.

LOVEGIRL.

From such Examples as of this and that,
We all are taught to know I know not what.

F I N I S.

4 AP 54



LOVE.

